

VIOLET L. OLPIN

65 E. 300 No.

654-2556

I was born in Tildaholm, Sweden, a daughter of Ernst and Elsa Larsson. During the next several years we moved to many different communities.

When I was seven, my mother took her two little girls and moved to the southern part of Denmark. She was a tailor, having learned that trade when in her teens. It was a lovely place and it was here we became acquainted with the gospel.

We then moved to the Church headquarters at Copenhagen, where my Mother and I were baptized. My sister was not yet eight years old yet.

In Oct. 9, 1909, we started out for Zion. The morning we finished packing Mother developed a severe eye infection. Her eyes were terribly inflamed and pained her very much. After many changes from boat to train we finally reached Esbjerg, on the west coast of Denmark, where we could embark for England.

Before we could board the ship, we had to have a rigid physical examination. No one can imagine our feelings when Mother was rejected passage on account of her eyes. Here we were, miles and miles away from anyone we knew. All our earthly possessions in a large box. Then who should appear but two Mormon missionaries. We were invited to come and stay at the small LDS Mission Headquarters.

The Elders gave mother a blessing after which we unrolled the blankets and slept. Here we stayed for two weeks; and when the next boat came, we were there to meet it. Mother was completely healed and our prayers were answered when the papers were released and we were finally on our way.

The trip across the country was not like it is today. After many days we arrived in Zion. We went to Pleasant Grove and spent two weeks with a couple we knew so well from Copenhagen. They had come over the year before.

We then traveled on to Imbler, Oregon. It was here we girls learned to speak English. Mother was home most of the time and she learned English by using our books. Our first winter was hard and Mother became desperately ill with pneumonia and brain fever.

One night we were told that Mother had passed away. As we stood there and gazed down in Mother's face, the bed springs gave way (something that had never happened before and has never happened since) and she was thrown almost on the floor. A miracle had happened and Mother breathed again. Father in Heaven never forsake us.

We stayed in Oregon for 7 years and then we moved back to Pleasant Grove. I was very happy for now I could see the possibility of becoming a nurse. Mother was very much against this, but one day she put me off again by saying, "You have to finish High School first." I was a Junior and a Senior the same year and graduated my Junior year. By working hard enough I saved enough to buy my uniforms and books necessary to enter the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake on October 1, 1918.

In the Spring of 1919, I went home one evening to attend what should have been my Senior Hop. There I met for the first time, my future husband. He had returned from his mission to the then, Northern States Mission, at the time I went in training. I had no time for anything but work and nothing should have come of this meeting. Nursing was going to be my career. Every time we were together it was going to be our last. Finally I could never be found when he called or phoned. Then he would send me telegrams

I was born in Tildaholm, Sweden, a daughter of Ernst and Elsa Larsson. During the next several years we moved to many different communities.

When I was seven, my mother took her two little girls and moved to the southern part of Denmark. She was a tailor, having learned that trade when in her teens. It was a lovely place and it was here we became acquainted with the gospel.

We then moved to the Church headquarters at Copenhagen, where my Mother and I were baptized. My sister was not yet eight years old yet.

In Oct. 9, 1909, we started out for Zion. The morning we finished packing Mother developed a severe eye infection. Her eyes were terribly inflamed and pained her very much. After many changes from boat to train we finally reached Esbjerg, on the west coast of Denmark, where we could embark for England.

Before we could board the ship, we had to have a rigid physical examination. No one can imagine our feelings when Mother was rejected passage on account of her eyes. Here we were, miles and miles away from anyone we knew. All our earthly possessions in a large box. Then who should appear but two Mormon missionaries. We were invited to come and stay at the small LDS Mission Headquarters.

The Elders gave mother a blessing after which we unrolled the blankets and slept. Here we stayed for two weeks; and when the next boat came, we were there to meet it. Mother was completely healed and our prayers were answered when the papers were released and we were finally on our way.

The trip across the country was not like it is today. After many days we arrived in Zion. We went to Pleasant Grove and spent two weeks with a couple we knew so well from Copenhagen. They had come over the year before.

We then traveled on to Imbler, Oregon. It was here we girls learned to speak English. Mother was home most of the time and she learned English by using our books. Our first winter was hard and Mother became desperately ill with pneumonia and brain fever.

One night we were told that Mother had passed away. As we stood there and gazed down in Mother's face, the bed springs gave way (something that had never happened before and has never happened since) and she was thrown almost on the floor. A miracle had happened and Mother breathed again. Father in Heaven never forsake us.

We stayed in Oregon for 7 years and then we moved back to Pleasant Grove. I was very happy for now I could see the possibility of becoming a nurse. Mother was very much against this, but one day she put me off again by saying, "You have to finish High School first." I was a Junior and a Senior the same year and graduated my Junior year. By working hard enough I saved enough to buy my uniforms and books necessary to enter the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake on October 1, 1918.

In the Spring of 1919, I went home one evening to attend what should have been my Senior Hop. There I met for the first time, my future husband. He had returned from his mission to the then, Northern States Mission, at the time I went in training. I had no time for anything but work and nothing should have come of this meeting. Nursing was going to be my career. Every time we were together it was going to be our last. Finally I could never be found when he called or phoned. Then he would send me telegrams